



Tumbleweeds

A tumbleweed starts out as a green seedling,
To grow up as a tree, a dream it's dreaming,
By midsummer it's become a nice shrub,
Still good and green, about the size of a tub.

But the tumbleweed has a bad tasting seed,
It's unlikely to become some bird's feed,
So it needs to develop an adaptation,
Or face loss of life, ecological ruination.

When fall comes the plant decides to die,
With the seed in its pod, safe and dry,
Then the plant breaks off right at the stalk,
And begins to trek on a cross-country walk.

And as it tumbles across the landscape,
The pods they fracture and seeds escape,
To once again be a sprout nice and green,
It's nature's plan to Begin the Beguine.

Last year was like a tumbleweed tumbling,
Blown by the winds, old plans crumbling,
Pushed over the hill - rolling out of control,
That weren't no walk – still ain't no stroll.

The question this begs is to what end
Did we go tumbling end on end?
Was there a reason to this debacle?
Can good be found in this mess colossal?

Although we tumbled and were tossed by the stream,
And some were hit hard, and we all wanted to scream,
We've learned to adapt to deal with the virus,
Our ability to survive ought to inspire us.

At Earth Church we appreciate the tumbling weed,
And its adaptation to deliver its seed,
We're still juking and jiving to escape the threat,
What we learned this last year we will never forget.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we tumble like weeds,
And so might you.